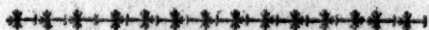


T H E

Charms of the Bottle.

Tune—*Ye mortals, whom fancies, &c.*



YE mortals, whom sorrow and trouble attend,
 Whose life is a series of pain without end,
 For ever depriv'd of hope's all-cheering ray,
 Nor know what it is to be happy a day,
 Obey the glad summons, the Bottle invites ;
 Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh Wine,
 Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
 Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot,
 Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape shot.
 Obey the glad summons, &c.

Was each dull pedantical, text-spinning Vicar,
 To leave off dull preaching, and stick to his liquor,
 Oh how would he wish for that power divine,
 To change, when he would, simple Water to Wine.
 Obey the glad summons, &c.

If Wine, then, can miracles work such as these,
 And give to the troubled mind comfort and ease,
 Despair not—that blessing in Bacchus you'll find,
 Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.
 Obey the glad summons, &c.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY